

## Parallel Universes by lovelysarcastic

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**Summary:**

Mike Wheeler and Eleven Hopper just can't help it but fall in love with each other.

# 1. Reality

## Author's Note:

Hello everyone!

Welcome to my new...fic? If we can call it that, and if I can keep the promise of updating it.

Yes, it is I, lovelysarcastic. I know that I've been failing you with my other fic "You ain't nobody until you got somebody", however, I cannot promise you to update it any time soon, even though I have been trying to work on the latest chapter. Life has been crazy. I started working. I need to write my thesis. It sucks. I hope you can all understand.

For now, let us have this fic.... Random One-Shots of Mileven falling in love. I think I will be able to keep this one updated since each chapter has its own plot.

Hope you enjoy it.

## Reality

They were laying side by side, bodies facing each other, their faces close, noses almost touching. She was smiling at him, happy, satisfied, comfortable. He was caressing her cheekbone with his index and thumb.

No one had bothered them in hours. Her father hadn't even tried to reach his house's landline. Probably still working. And his parents? His mother was probably somewhere off with his younger sister, and his dad had yet returned from a business trip.

All their friends were out doing something, none having remembered to check on them. They knew they were fine, probably doing something no one wanted to see them do.

She let out a content sigh and decided to move closer to him. It didn't matter that it was burning hot outside, their bodies were covered in sweat, and their throats demanding water. They wanted to enjoy this quiet moment, just the two of them.

His arm wrapped around her waist; his hand curled into a soft fist, and he used his knuckles to caress her back in a gentle movement. She kissed his shoulder before laying her head on it.

They were perfectly fine. Perfectly pleased.

They had been together for so long; what was it this year, three years? Yes, three years together; and it could have been four if... well, ... if life hadn't happened. But she didn't want to think about sad things. Not right now.

Not when they were so happy, and in each other's arms.

The moments they spent together alone were rare. They were always in places surrounded by people, especially in the summer, especially by their friends. Having his house empty? For a full afternoon? That was luck. So much luck.

"Hey," she called delicately.

"Yeah?" He asked in a soft voice.

"Do you think there are parallel universes? Like, different us living... different lives?"

He chuckled.

"If you exist, anything exists, babe."

She smiled against his warm skin.

"Do you think we meet in all these parallel universes?" She asked, insecurity hidden in her voice.

"Of course."

"And fall in love?" She wondered, looking up at him.

He didn't hesitate in saying, "Every single time."

## 2. The coffee shop was closed.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for the lovely reviews. I haven't had time to reply to them. You know, life's a mess.

Here you have the first scenario. It's sweet, a bit short, but I hope you like it.

### Scenario 1: The coffee shop was closed.

Her favorite coffee shop was closed. For an undefined period. The note said something about renovating the shop's space, and bringing new surprises to the costumers, but *we apologize for the lack of information regarding the shop's reopening date.*

Great. Just great. Now, where was she supposed to have a cup of warm coffee before her Contemporary History class? The closest coffee shops near the university were either always filled with fellow students – and she hated being in crowds of obnoxious we-go-to-college people – or they had a bad reputation. Benny's coffee shop was her favourite. It was good. He was nice. And now he closed for renovation, and only God could tell when he was reopening.

Great. Just great.

She turned around and walked down the street, her hands tucked in her winter coat's pockets. She was cold, sleepy and in need of a coffee. Right before she had Contemporary History. It couldn't get worse than this, let me tell you. She had to have her cup of coffee before Contemporary History! And, no, Contemporary History was not one of those awful, boring college classes in which the professor talked, and talked, and blah-blah-blah, and the students slowly fell asleep at eight am. No, that was not the case. It was a great class. It was interesting. She loved the professor, she loved to participate in it,

and her classmates were actually good at debating issues without becoming annoying brats who pouted when someone told them off (if she could tell you about her Ancient History classmates, oh man, we could spend hours hearing about them and their annoying behavior).

The problem with Contemporary History was the boy that sat next to her. The really *cute* boy who sat next to her. Mike Wheeler. Dark curly hair. Brown eyes. Freckles all over his skin like stars on a warm summer night sky. He was funny. He was-

Wait. Before going into who Mike Wheeler was – and trust me, we could spend hours hearing about him and how pretty he was -, maybe it was better to tell you who *she* was. The girl whose favourite coffee shop was closed.

Jane Ives-Hopper – known among her peers as Eleven because of an old joke – was a nineteen-year-old girl from Hawkins, Indiana, whose dad was the town's chief officer and her mother a nurse at the local hospital. They weren't together anymore, her parents, but they kept a cordial relationship because of their daughter. Jane, or better saying, Eleven, had grown happily in a two-bedroom house with her father, while visiting her mother at the weekends. She had two best friends, Lucas and Max, who had been dating for four year now (and yes, they could be disgustingly cute), and was now in her second year of college in Chicago majoring in History with a minor in Sociology.

She wasn't sure what she wanted to do in her future, but she felt that at least she was studying something she quite liked. Her parents both approved of her decision, as long as she was happy and realistic about her future. Of course, every time she talked to her father or mother, they tended to ask, "Thoughts on the future?" and so far, she has always replied, "Nothing real yet".

She lived in a small studio a few minutes away from the campus. The trajectory home-campus was an easy one: two streets, three lefts, Benny's coffee shop and straight ahead until she arrived at her destination.

Now, without the coffee shop...

You see, Eleven wasn't a morning person. She hated morning, waking

up early, having to talk to people and do stuff, in general, in the mornings. She sucked at that. But, if she had a good cup of coffee – a habit she had got from her father -, she would be fine. She functioned like a normal human being. And she needed to be a normal human being in her Contemporary History class... Because Mike Wheeler sat next to her.

Now, back to Mike Wheeler...

He was twenty years old, in his third year of college, and was studying to be an informatics engineer, but had always liked History too much to let an opportunity like picking a History course for his first semester of junior year slip through his fingers. All this information had been slowly gathered by Eleven during their whispered talks in Contemporary History. Sometimes they had to work in pairs, and they always worked together. And why did they always work together? That take us back to the first class of Contemporary History. Eleven picked a solid spot in the back rows, believing no one would sit around her. The class began, she thought she would be free of classmates, but then... dark-haired boy with freckles all over his face walked into the classroom and picked the spot right next to hers.

She had hated it at first. And then he had greeted her, said his name and smiled. He had such a pretty smile. Like, wow. She had just stared at him for what seemed an eternity, until he had asked if she was okay and she had snapped out of it.

So, yeah, Eleven had a crush on the boy that sat next to her in Contemporary History. And if anyone asked her, she would say it was her favorite class. But please don't ask her why...

"Hi El," Mike greeted cheerfully. "I saved you a seat," he joked, like he always did.

And usually, Eleven would laugh and reply a thank-you, like she was charmed by his gentleman gesture of saving the seat, which was already hers. But not today. Today she hadn't had her cup of coffee...

"Hi," she muttered, dropping on her usual seat.

Mike's facial expression changed, a small, cute frown showing how he went from happy to concern. "Are you okay?" He asked.

She sighed.

"The coffee shop was closed," she replied, holding back a yawn. "Ah, Benny's coffee shop," she added after realizing he probably had no idea what she was talking about. "And... and I need my cup of coffee," she finalized, dragging the words out of her in a silent agony. She felt so tired.

"Oh, I saw the note... I live close to that coffee shop," Mike said.

Eleven's ears perked up, and she glanced at the boy next to her. New information about Mike Wheeler: if he lived close to Benny's coffee shop, then he probably lived close to her too...

"So, no coffee, no happy El?" He asked in a teasing voice.

Eleven's lips upturned in a soft, tired smile. "Yup, that's it."

Their conversation ended after that, as the professor started the lecture. He wrote down a question on the board and started the debate from there on. Eleven barely participated.

She really needed her cup of coffee.

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Eleven was seriously considering changing her morning classes to the afternoon – if possible, of course -, but then she remembered that the only classes she had in the morning was Contemporary History, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and, one, there wasn't an afternoon class for it, and two, she would no longer see Mike if she changed.

Her crush was ridiculous, she knew that. She also knew that the boy would never see her as a potential... what, crush? Date? Girlfriend? Something more than a classmate he saw twice a week?



She had told Max about her crush. The girl had laughed, said “how cute”, and then tried to give her some tips to flirt with the guy. But Eleven didn’t like flirting. She was only good at it when she actually didn’t want something from the guy.

Anyway, coffee. She needed coffee in the morning, but she sucked at doing it at home and no other place near her house seemed legit – by ‘legit’, she meant ‘good’ - as Benny’s.

So, one week after she first saw Benny’s note, she walked in Contemporary History with the worst sleep hangover ever – she had to blame her father for starting her coffee addiction at such a young age (fourteen! She had been fourteen when she first started drinking it!) – and found her usual seat next to Mike.

“Hello there,” he greeted happily and made a swift movement in her direction.

Eleven blinked a few times, confused – her heart beating like crazy - with the sudden, and then gone, proximity between them.

But before she said anything, a strong, familiar scent penetrated her nostrils. She missed that smell. Looking down, Eleven got to be face to face with a cup of coffee from a coffee shop named Wendy’s. The logo was a flower.

“Try it out and tell me what you think,” Mike asked, a strange tone in his voice. Was he nervous?

“Why?”

Mike shrugged, his hands over his closed laptop.

“Try it,” he asked again.

Eleven did as he said. She took a small gulp of the hot coffee, swallowed it, and let her tongue and throat savor the taste of that coffee. It was good – not as good as Benny’s – and... well, ...

“Well?” Mike asked.

“Good.”

“Be honest.”

Eleven made a face. “I like it with more sugar.”

Mike blinked. “Oh, okay. Noted.”

Before she could ask any further questions, the professor began the lecture. The theme today was some headline from a newspaper in which the president had said something nasty. Again. This was going to be a fun class.

Two days later, Eleven walked in the Contemporary History classroom late. Like, super late. The day had started off awfully as her alarm clock didn't ring when supposed – turns out, she had chosen a five instead of a three in her mobile phone, and the alarm rung just a few minutes before the class was supposed to start. Then, she had to take a cold shower as there was a stupid problem with her apartment's gas cylinder (she hadn't locked it correctly it when she changed cylinders).

The professor was already halfway through the lecture when she walked in, a complete mess with her hair still wet and her nose red. It was freezing outside. She apologized and walked as fast as she could to her spot next to Mike.

She put down her bag and was halfway through sitting when she realized there was another cup of coffee, with the same logo, and two packs of sugar next to it, laying on the table, almost as if it were waiting for her.

Eleven glanced at Mike.

“Was it you?”

He just nodded, while typing away something the professor was saying.

She sat down and instead of grabbing her own laptop, she grabbed the cup of warm coffee and the sugar. She stirred the brown liquid for a bit before taking a long sip. The coffee wasn't as hot as it was supposed to be – she had been really late, and Mike probably bought it thinking she would be on time -, but still, it was warmer than her

body temperature and she felt pleased when drinking it.

There was a small pause in the professor's lecture, as he waited for someone to say something. As soon as a girl in the first row started talking, Mike turned to Eleven and said, "I can send you my notes, if you want to."

She was sure she was looking at him like he was the best Christmas gift ever. "Thank you so much."

Mike smiled, his sharp cheekbones turning softly red. "Anytime, El."

"And thanks for the coffee," she added.

"You like it?"

She nodded, her hands still wrapped around the warm cup.

"Good," he muttered, the smile still playing in his lips.

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Mike started to bring her coffee every Tuesday and Thursday. At first, she was glowing in happiness – her crush was bringing her coffee! -, but after a couple of weeks, she started feeling guilty. How much money was Mike spending on her and her stupid coffee addiction? She should just buy that cheap coffee from one of the campus' machines.

"You don't..." She got stuck in the second word of her sentence.

Mike had been waiting for her, holding the usual white cup of coffee with a flower-logo on the front. He gave it to her after she sat down next to him and was all settled in.

"I don't what?" Mike asked, confused, all smiles and sparkling brown eyes.

Eleven was confused too. Why did he do that?

*Maybe he has a crush on you, dumbass*, Max's voice echoed in her mind. She had told Max and Lucas about the coffees every Contemporary History class. They had laughed at her and said, "Eleven, please, it's obvious". But it wasn't obvious to El. Maybe Mike was a genuinely nice person, and he liked to bring nice things to the people he liked. And not like-like, but... friendly like. You get it.

"Bring me coffee," she finalized her previous sentence. "I mean, you... you must be spending a lot of money, and-"

"I'm not," Mike interrupted.

Eleven frowned. "You're not? Spending any kind of money in this?" She raised the cup of warm coffee in her hands. It was really so warm. She was loving the heat coming from it.

"Nope," Mike said. One of his hands travelled to his neck, where he rubbed it, as he looked away from Eleven for a second. "I... work at that coffee shop during the weekends and the summer, so... all coffee is free for me. Employee's privileges."

Eleven didn't know how to react at first.

So, Mike worked at a coffee shop named Wendy's. Why didn't she find out this information before?! Maybe she could have gone there already! Maybe order one or two cups of coffee... And Mike would be the one getting her order. Oh God. She was daydreaming now. About Mike asking for her order, her shyly asking for a cup of coffee, maybe a sweet on the side... They would smile, they would interact outside this classroom...

"So, it's fine," Mike's voice brought her back to reality. "Don't worry about me spending money. And honestly, if I was spending money, -"there was a moment of pause in his speech -," I... wouldn't mind at all spending it on you and your coffee addiction."

They locked eyes in silence. Mike was smiling nervously at her, and Eleven was in shock, her mind saying *kiss him, kiss him now, kiss him now and forever, just fucking try out his lips and-*

"Good morning, class," the professor greeted as he closed the

classroom's door. It was his usual routine – close the door and start the lecture.

She had to do something, Eleven realized. Maybe bring Mike something. Get him candy? A warm drink? Something he might - Wait, what did he like to have in the morning? Was he a breakfast guy? Did he drink coffee as well? Or did he barely have anything to eat in the morning? She didn't know! But she wanted to.

And she knew it was stupid to be dramatizing over this right now – she could wait and find out later -, but her brain couldn't wait. It was like, it had to be now, or she would never find out.

So, Eleven turned to Mike and said, “Breakfast?”

Mike stopped typing and looked at her, confusion in his face. “Breakfast?” he repeated.

“Do you like it?”

Mike's frown deepened, and there was a humoring sparkle in his eyes.

“You asking me if I like breakfast? That's weird, El.”

The El-thingy! People called her El, yes, since she was a kid, but only after she asked them to. However, Mike went straight to “Eleven? Mind if I call you El instead?” and she had been, “sure, of course” because she loved that people called her El. Eleven was a fun nickname, but it still was a number and sometimes it sounded strange in a conversation. So, El, yeah.

“It is?” She asked, worried.

Mike chuckled quietly. He had eyes on the professor, but clearly his attention was on her.

“Yeah, I like breakfast. Why do you ask?”

Eleven blushed. There was an unseen intention in his tone of voice; an intention that she put there...

"I... want to pay you back for the coffee," she answered. "But not like, pay you like, with money, but... like ... breakfast?" She closed her eyes, realizing she finalize her speech with the same word-question she started it off. She was a mess.

But Mike chuckled again, this time louder, and she reopened her eyes to peek. He was smiling softly and nodding, eyes still on the professor.

"Yes," he answered, eyes turning to her for a second. "I'll have breakfast with you, El. Just name when and where, and I'll be there."

And that was how Jane Ives-Hopper, more known as Eleven, got her first date with Mike Wheeler, the cute guy that sat next to her in Contemporary History Class.

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Their date was a nice breakfast at this coffee shop that neither had tried out yet. It was on a Friday morning and, when they met up in front of Benny's closed door, which was part of their plan, Mike was holding a Wendy's coffee in his hands.

"I know we're having breakfast, but..." He handed it to her shyly. "Tradition, right?"

Eleven smiled cheerfully. "Tradition," she repeated and accepted the hot beverage. She smelled it before looking at Mike. "Sugar?"

"As you like, yes."

Eleven's heart went crazy at that as she drank her coffee. It was indeed sweet as she liked it. Mike had been paying attention.

"Let's go?" He asked, nervous.

She nodded, nervous.

Before getting inside the coffee shop, Eleven tossed away her empty

cup of coffee. Mike opened the door for her, and they both walked in, their red faces matching as much as their nervous smiles.

They found a nice spot by the window, and decided to sit next to each other, instead of the traditional face to face, as, quoting Mike, “I’m used to see you on my left side, you know?”, and a waitress came by to give them the breakfast-menus. They thanked her.

They shared some comments while looking at the menu, seeing which breakfast menu seemed more delicious. They were both very much inclined to the waffles, but there was something about the mixed-cereal with almond milk that got El’s attention very much.

“How about we share?” Mike suggested, and inside Eleven melted, while thinking *god, you had to go and get a crush on the nicest boy in the block, didn’t you?*

“That sounds like the greatest idea ever, Mike,” she replied, leaning her head in his direction. No, she wasn’t asking for a kiss, but she wanted to see him close, to tempt him with something.

Mike gulped, staring at her face – they were so close – with his mouth open.

Thank God (or not) the waitress decided to show up then, asking for their orders.

They asked for waffles and the mixed-cereal with almond milk, asking for a double set of silverware for both requests.

Breakfast was good. Their conversation ran smoothly, going from their bachelor’s degrees – was it really what they wanted? When did they find out what they wanted to do in the future? Were they enjoying the courses? - to what kind of pet they prefer: Mike preferred turtles, while Eleven was in love with parakeets since she was a kid.

“They are cute,” she answered while Mike laughed, surprised. “Don’t mock me!”

“I’m not mocking you,” he said, trying to keep a straight face, but traces of laughter were still visible. “But it’s funny. I don’t think I

ever heard anyone saying parakeets were their favourite pet. It's... interesting. I mean, -"he blushed a bit -"you are interesting."

Eleven felt shy under his words, and she didn't quite understand why. It was a bubbly-shy feeling, like it was good, it was fine that she felt shy because Mike had just been nice and somehow had made her feel good with herself. She was *interesting*? To Mike Wheeler?

"You're interesting too, Mike," she almost whispered the sentence.

But Mike heard her loud and clear, and the smile on his face showed signs of excitement and, perhaps, optimism. His hand travelled from where it had been resting nervously over the table to her side. The tips of their fingers touched.

Eleven's heart was beating like crazy, and there was something in her stomach – butterflies; crazy, excited butterflies – that made the all scene seem so... intimate and slow. God, why was everything so slow around them?

Eleven leaned closer to Mike, their finger still barely touching, and he mirrored her movements. The coffee shop was filled with people, but they didn't seem to notice anyone around them.

*Please, no one interrupts us, please*, Eleven begged in the back of her mind.

She could feel this was it. This was the moment that either was going to make months of crushing on the cute boy that sat next to in Contemporary History worth it, or not.

They kept leaning in, slowly – oh god, so slowly -, and Eleven could feel her heart race a thousand beats for second. She could hear it in her ears the *thump, thump, thump, Mike's gonna kiss me? , thump, thump, thump*, and she could imagine it jumping out of her chest and run to hug Mike. To hug Mike's mouth.

Their lips touched – soft at first, and then pressed against one another with passion. Mike's hand touched her cheek, his thumb stroking it gently, and she melted, sighing. This was good. This was so good.

Mike pulled back for a second, after feeling her pleased breath



against his face, and smiled at her. Their noses touched, teased each other playfully, and Eleven almost giggled, biting her bottom lip.

“Don’t do that,” he asked in a slurry voice, before kissing her again, his teeth stealing her bottom lip from hers.

This time, Eleven let herself giggle.

Not only she got to finally date her Contemporary History crush, but she also got a cute boy who would be bringing her coffee every morning for the rest of their lives.

Mike Wheeler and coffee. What else could Eleven want?

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

If you liked it, then let me know!

### **Author's Note:**

If you have any suggestions for scenarios, send them my way.

Love, Dee.